

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE OLD COIN'S TEACHING.

I had a coin, so old and so defaced
The likeness of its king could not be traced
By all my gauds, so my step I sped
To an old man of learning, and I said:
"You study coins, sir; tell me, if you can,
The worth, the date of this." And he began
To feel it, for his eyes were growing dim;
His fingers o'er it passed and round the rim
A moment wandered, then he told the date,
And all I asked. My wonderment was great.

A deeper lesson on my conscious heart
I found was thus engraved; it made me start
To think how blindly I had looked on man,
How foolishly misjudged the heavenly plan;
Because through ignorance I failed to trace
The likeness of the God who made our race
In His own image, worn away through time,
Yet coin most true of empire all sublime.
For if those loving souls who study men
Can find resemblance still, why surely
then,
God, who is Love, will recognize His own,
And by the Maker will the coin be known.

Alas! O Lord, is not the metal's worn.
The superscription, my acquaintance,
And yet Thou madest me. In love Divine,
In Thine hand take me; say that I am
Thine.

—W. M. Meredith, in Chambers' Journal.

The Dust of Oblivion

By Ella W. Peattie.

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WHEN I first knew Curzon I could not, for the life of me, make out why his lips had that bitter curve to them. Nor was I able to reconcile his habitual suspicion with the facts of his life, which appeared to me to be very fortunate. He was quite at the head of an interesting English colony out in a certain ambitious western city; and he had an amiable American wife and four fine, energetic, handsome, well-mannered sons. Financially, he enjoyed an easy competence, without the harassments of poverty or the responsibilities of riches. He was president of the golf club, and in the polo team, and he went to cricket and altogether made a miniature England out there on the skirts of Puget sound.

Quite by chance, I saw much of a friend of his one time when I was going over to London. We were steamer acquaintances merely, with Tom Curzon for our one bond. We talked about Curzon a good deal.

"So you don't understand the sneer beneath his smile?" my acquaintance said in reply to a remark of mine. "Well, I do. I knew him when he was as innocent of a sneer as you are of murder. Perhaps you'd forgive Curzon for the sneer if I were to tell you his story."

"I forgive him for anything he may do," I replied, warmly, "because I like him. But I'd be glad to hear his story. I've hoped Curzon might tell it to me himself, but he never has."

"I've no doubt he'd like to, but there are reasons why he cannot, in honor. I knew him first down at Cape Town. He came there with an engineering corps, and he soon made friends."

"However, I was presently observed that he had some attraction outside of the bachelor circle, and it developed that this was a young girl, a native of Cape Town and an orphan, who was acting as nursery governess to Mrs. Reginald Henly's children. Mrs. Henly was a connection of mine, and I was a good deal at her place, and that was how I discovered Curzon's interest in Nannette Averill. She was a lovely girl, and an unusual one. I think she must have been almost six feet tall, quite slender and the very impersonation of grace. The indescribable purity of her appearance in her simple gowns, with a flower in her hair, will always remain with me as one of the sweetest feminine pictures I have seen. I have extensive gallery. Curzon had too much true pride to entertain any idle vanity. He wasn't in the least ashamed to have it known that he intended to marry a nursery governess. As soon as he had a right to give that fact out he did so, and he informed everyone that he thought it would be better if Miss Averill were saved the fatigue attendant upon her duties, and so he was sending her to his people to stay with them till he could come for her."

"You see, he said to me, 'of course dear Mrs. Henly would give her a good send-off—put up a cosy little wedding for her and all that. But after all, it's the sort of an interloper affair. I want Nannette to go to the little church where our people have been married for generations past, and I want all our friends to see her there in her white satin and veil according to tradition. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever known, and I mean to pay tribute to her beauty as well as to her goodness. The poor child has had no social experience, and matter will see to that, you know. She'll take her to London, and have her meet all the country people. It's the sensible thing that I'm doing, though I find it mighty hard to let her go.'"

"She's traveling quite alone?" I inquired.

"Yes, but my brother Norman is to meet her at Southampton. I've called him."

"Curzon had a big job on at that time, and he worked at it frantically. He knew he'd make a name for himself if he got it through successfully. And he was in Paradise all the time. I could see that. His work for the day over, he gave himself up to day dreams. I suppose he was thinking that little girl, the church 'at home' and the tall lily-like bride with the old veil that the Curzon brides had worn for centuries. I helped make up a case of jewels which he was to take with him as a bridal gift. We got pearls, principally, and a consumptive little Italian who lived down there made them up into the most exquisite necklaces and bangles I have ever seen. Curzon wrote by every steamer. He became a sort of devotee. I almost think he lost sight of the human qualities of the woman. That white face of hers had enthralled him. He put her on an altar up there in his north country and worshipped her. There was no question about it. He revered her as he

would an angel. He came to me one day in fine spirits.

"I've just had a letter from my mother," he said, "and she thinks Nannette is the most charming woman she ever saw. She says she's making a great sensation. She's brought her out, so to speak. Everybody was there. Mother dressed her in a silver gauze over blue, and she says Nannette looked like moonlight."

"I couldn't help laughing at him. "Tom, I said, 'you're uncommonly skilled in millinery. I thought engineering was in your line.' He looked silly, and flattered, too."

"I was repeating what my mother said," he apologized. "Besides, I confess I take an interest in everything connected with Nannette. If you had such a beautiful woman as that belonging to you, I dare say you'd take an interest in the way she was attired, wouldn't you?"

"I admitted that I might."

"We heard, too, that Miss Averill was studying French and music and some other things. She became an enthusiastic horse woman and she took up her social opportunities with enthusiasm. Word came about the troussseau that was being prepared. There was an excitement about Tom wherever you met him. He was an enviable happy man. He seemed to take such an interest in all the incidents of his romance as a girl might, and at the same time his love appealed to him like a religion. Well, 20 of us went to see him off on shipboard, and we each sent a souvenir to the society papers which came to Mrs. Henly, we began to grow anxious. Finally, our gifts came back to us without comment, and each one was dispatched from New York. Then we knew there had been a tragedy, but the nature of it did not come to us for some time."

"This was what had happened to poor Tom. He reached Southampton beneath his smile, his expectation, his wedding but three days away, and was met by a telegram from his brother. This is what it said: 'You asked me to take care of Nannette. I have done so and I am going to do so for her life. We will be married by the time this reaches you. Try to forgive us. We could not live without each other.'"

"I could not refrain from interrupting the tale."

"Poor devil!" I sighed. "I understand now why his eyes narrow with suspicion when anything affectionate is said to him."

"Well, the wretch never went near home. He took a steamer for New York and never crossed the Atlantic again. His father and mother were hurrying down to meet him, but he didn't know that, and got away a few hours before they arrived. They fairly raked the world before they found him; and they did so at last, through an account of a big bridge he put up across the Columbia. Then they sent word to him that his brother Norman, who was the elder, had been discovered by them because of his treacherous conduct, and that his brother's place and fortune were awaiting him at home. He wrote to them very tenderly, asking to be forgiven for having neglected them so long, but said that he couldn't return. He added that he had married an American girl who did not care about leaving her own country."

"The truth was, Curzon had gone into matrimony in a perfunctory way. He had a house and a wife, and the first constituent of it. You know Mrs. Curzon, I think? A very brave woman, and a dignified one. She never lets Curzon's sneers irritate her. She is above suspicion in every act of her life, and if he likes to suspect her of any motive not above board, so much the worse for him. She's independent in a way, but she's devoted to him, too. She knows that Curzon's people are not well inclined toward her and that her husband has never taken the pains to give them a pleasant idea of her. But she's too busy living her life to worry. In fact, she's my idea of a well-balanced woman. But Curzon doesn't appreciate her. I suppose he can't get the angle of face of Nannette Averill out of his mind."

"Mrs. Curzon looks much more attractive to me than an angel," I interpolated. "A good, wholesome, high-spirited, humorous, kind-hearted woman. I wish Tom's people could see her and her boys."

"Yes, Tom refused to take a cent of his brother's money, you know. It's still waiting for him."

"You never heard what became of Norman Curzon and his wife?"

"No. They left England. I have heard nothing further."

"I was glad to know poor Curzon's story, though it seemed to me that the devotion of his wife, and the affection of his sons and his parents ought to have healed the wound inflicted by those selfish lovers so many years ago."

But there came another chapter to the story in which I was an involuntary participant. One night the Curzons asked two ladies and myself to the theater with them. We were at dinner rather late, and the first act was well under way when we entered our box. The play was of those commonplace "society" dramas—twenty of them are as alike as two and the melancholy heroine was just entering. She was a very tall, slight woman, with an insidious and fascinating grace about her, and a snow-white, indescribably delicate and haunting face. She seemed but an indifferent actress, but her personality took and kept the attention of everyone in the room. At first glance it seemed to me as if this woman were returning to my con-

sciousness from some pale limbo of the past, and I turned to Curzon to ask if she were anyone we had seen on the stage before.

The minute I looked at him I guessed who she was. I had recognized her by the description I had heard given of her. He had recognized her by his relentless memory, which would not let him forget that she had been the one passion of a life which since her treachery, had set itself to be a meaningless tune. I saw his wife slip her hand into his.

"Shall we go?" she whispered. Her intuition had been as swift as mine. Her courage and dignity were what I would have expected them to be. "Not at all," he replied. "It's a play we came to see, isn't it, Isabel? What is a character more or less to us? But for all of his bravado, I saw that his wife kept her hand still in his there in the dusk of the box. I was conscious, too, when the moment came that the actress turned her eyes our way and saw Curzon, and, after a second's hesitation, recognized him. Her eyes dilated and she drew her breath sharply, but she did not lose her line. On the contrary, she began to take more interest in her part, and acquitted herself excellently."

We took the ladies home after the theater, and then I went on with the Curzons to their door.

"Tom," I said, as I shook hands with him. "I happen to know about your story. I guessed who the woman was on the stage to-night. I want to congratulate you on the way you have in your wife and to tell you that if you need another friend—which you probably will not—you can find one here."

He said: "Thank you," in his hearty way and went up the stairs with Mrs. Curzon.

The next thing I heard was that the leading actress, Marie Averill, she was billed—was stricken with a collapse, and that she was lying at death's door at the hotel. The paper announced this, with the change of cast. I met Curzon that afternoon and he asked me if I'd seen it.

"Isabel is up there at the hotel looking after her," he said.

"Curzon," I cried, "your wife is an angel, but I suppose you haven't found it out, have you? You take her for granted, don't you?"

"I don't think I can talk about that, can I?" he asked. I didn't beg his pardon. I was too fond of him to let a formal apology intrude itself between us. The next day, meeting him again, he ventured the intimation that his brother had been killed in a motor accident in Australia, and that his brother's wife had been on the stage for ten years.

"She has a daughter, the picture of herself," he said. "The daughter is staying with us. Isabel says she doesn't think Nannette can recover."

"I hope not," I thought, but I didn't dare say it.

It was true, that once having given up, the woman of many remorse could not recuperate. She died in the arms of Isabel Curzon, and she was buried from the Curzon home as Curzon's sister.

I sat in the hospitable library of the house the evening after the funeral.

"Tom," said I, "she's paid the debt to the uttermost, hasn't she? Your brother paid, too, didn't he? Now put the memory out of your life. The people who deceived you are dead. Make an effort to trust the rest of the world."

He made no answer, but sat there staring at the fire. I saw that the doists of the old pain had hard hold of him, and no word of the right sort came to my lips. I was casting about me in vain for some argument to offer in protest of his suffering, when the door opened and his wife came in, her arm about the waist of a lily-slender, white-faced, beautiful girl, whose black garments clung to her with a statuesque grace. The girl lifted her gray-blue eyes appealingly, and I saw there were glints of gold in them. She had a tender and deprecating smile, and though her eyes were red with weeping, yet she looked comforted too. We both arose as the ladies entered, and Curzon stood staring at the two, his lips trembling.

"Tom," said Isabel Curzon, in her strong, clear voice, "I suppose you know that this dear child is our new daughter, don't you?"

Curzon sprang toward his wife and caught her hands and pressed his lips to them.

"Isabel," he said, quite oblivious to the girl and to me, "I love you!" The words he had said the dramatic force of a first declaration, and I guessed shrewdly that Isabel Curzon had never heard him say that thing in quite that same tone before. She had won him at last, through many sacrifices. I looked at the girl whose adoption represented the supreme sacrifice of this courageous woman, and I felt that wonder that she was not a saint.

"Curzon," said I, later, "I congratulate you. This child who has just left us will bring you nothing but joy."

"Nothing but joy," he repeated. "She is like her mother, but yet not like. I'll go to England next month to the old place and take my wife and my children with me—my sons and my daughter."

A Display of Ignorance.

A Chicago preacher says if he were a girl he would swing Indian clubs and dumb-bells and play golf and tennis. This is all very well, says the Chicago Times-Herald, but he would be willing to wash dishes, which, of course, shows that he doesn't fully understand the subject.

Public No Longer Victimised.

Nearly every civilized country is going to furnish a north pole expedition next summer. There is some encouragement, however, says the Chicago Times-Herald, in the fact that it has ceased to pay the explorers to come back and write or lecture about it.

Woman's Failing.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt thinks the time is coming when there will be a woman in the executive chair at Washington. When that time comes, she remarks the Chicago Times-Herald, there will always be a P. S. at the end of the president's message.

Taking an Unfair Advantage.

The sultan of Turkey presented a large number of cigarettes to the crew of the Kentucky. This mode of attack, says the Washington Star, is characteristically insidious and oriental.

TO END THE SLAUGHTER.

Even Some Leading Republicans Are Tiring of McKinley's Philippine Policy.

Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, who was attorney general in the cabinet of President Garfield, who surrounded himself with a particularly able cabinet, does not agree with the present attorney, Mr. Griggs, of New Jersey, that congress or the administration has authority not conferred by the constitution, and that the flag may be separated from the constitution at the sweet will of either. Mr. MacVeagh is not a carping critic, but he is sick of the bloodshed, slaughter and devastation of territory in the Philippines. He believes that the president is doing what he believes to be his duty, but it is time that persistence in a colossal blunder should cease. He says that the "attempt at suppression has now been going on for nearly three years, and has inflicted a vast amount of slaughter, dismemberment of territory, and as well as on those who resist our authority, and I cannot understand why anybody, whether an imperialist or an anti-imperialist, should not rejoice at seeing a step put to further slaughter, a general amnesty proclaimed and the Philippine islands, for the present, at least, granted the same form of self-government as the Sandwich Islands and as our territories have always enjoyed."

No one doubts that the war could have been avoided had there not been the most unwise course on the part of the president in the days when he tried to bring about the ratification of the treaty of Paris.

The inflammatory character of the president's proclamation announcing that the United States would demand complete recognition of sovereignty first, after which would come the beneficent policy of benevolent assimilation. Otis tried to avert the trouble by editing the proclamation, but Admiral Walker had in other things the same kind of a proclamation just as he received it, with the fatal words in it, demanding a surrender of sovereignty, and the war began in a few days.

Gen. MacArthur, in his report, issued on November 10 last, declared that, in spite of all appearances of pacification, the people have been "mad-dened" since the five years by a rhetorical propaganda of the imperialists, and that the national pride under power of discriminating in matters of public concern or private interest has been almost entirely suspended. As a substitute for all considerations, the people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war men are never nearer right than when going with their own kind, and kin, regardless of correctness.

This guarded view is confirmed by an unofficial report, written by Col. B. L. Bullard, of the Thirty-ninth United States Infantry, to Capt. Scott, of Montgomery, Ala., that the conditions of the country practically forbid the successful pursuit of the small band of the army, the army of Aguinaldo have been broken up, and that the presence of the American troops is an encouragement to out-lavry. He says:

"In addition, the strain of out-lavry in the Philippine blood has been fostered, and the army of Aguinaldo have been broken up, and that the presence of the American troops is an encouragement to out-lavry. He says:

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NO RELIEF FROM TRUSTS.

Combines and Monopolies Waxing Fat Under the Protection of Republicans.

The republican national platform contained a plank asserting that "we condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit competition, or to control prices; and favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce." Upon the platform containing the plank the republican party was continued in full control of the government in all its departments.

The plate glass trust, under the protection of the Dingley tariff, arbitrarily raised prices to a point far above the rates existing before it went into effect; to so high a point, it seems, that some dealers found it profitable to import certain grades of foreign glass, even with the heavy duty of the present tariff. The trust promptly took steps to stop this. An order was recently issued to all dealers in window glass that they must cease importing on their own account, or buying any imported glass unless from agents belonging to the trust.

Any customer of the trust violating this order is to be boycotted, and the rebate of five per cent. paid to the customers of the trust on their purchases for a year is to be cut off.

Here would seem to be a clear case of combination to "restrict business," "create monopolies" and "control prices," calling for such "legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses." That is the way the Philadelphia members of the paints, oils, and window glass trade, regarded it, and when the federal industrial commission began its sittings in Philadelphia some days ago they went before it with their grievances and asked relief.

They told the commission among other things that whereas a 125x60 inch light formerly cost 75 cents, it now costs \$1.85; the 24x60 size was \$2.40 a light, and now it is \$5; the 24x 84 size, which cost \$4.55 about three years ago, now costs \$11 a light. These are the prices charged by the trust, and enforced by a complete boycott on any purchaser who buys outside of the trust. The paint men thought this a legitimate case for interference by legislation, and what they asked was that the tariff on foreign glass be so reduced as to make open competition on all grades possible. They claimed that duties under the Dingley tariff enabled the trust to fleece the domestic trade, and that the only way to correct the injustice by modifying the tariff. The industrial commission was asked to recommend this action to congress.

The chairman of the commission promptly dissipated any hopes of relief from that source. He told the paint men they "cannot go into congress and ask for a revision of this particular tariff without entailing grave danger of causing a general attack on the existing tariff, and of injuring the prevailing prosperity of the country." The Philadelphia Public Ledger, republican as it is, feels compelled to comment that "if this be a sample of the character of the inquiry the industrial commission is pursuing, it might as well suspend its hearings, since it is plainly committed to the protection of all the trust promoting and sustaining provisions of the existing tariff, no matter how glaring may be the abuses perpetrated under cover of its schedules."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HANNA'S HAND FORCED.

Responsibility of the Iniquitous Ship Subsidy Bill Placed Where It Belongs.

While the personal feud between Senators Hanna and Pettigrew is a matter of little interest to the American public, there are many Americans who will see considerable truth in Pettigrew's assertion that Hanna's ship subsidy bill is nothing more than an attempt to pay the campaign debts of the republican party at the rate of \$9,000,000 per year, this gigantic annual tribute being taken from the pockets of the American people.

There are also those who will agree with Senator Pettigrew that if Hanna and the administration are determined to place this colossal tax upon the people for the benefit of certain syndicate interests, it will be well to have it done at an extra session of congress, in order that it may stand out conspicuously in its true light before the public. There is little doubt that the president is pledged to Hanna, and through that masterful boss to the monopolies which contributed so generously to the republican campaign fund, to compel the passage of this measure. If necessary, Mr. McKinley must call congress into extra session to fulfill his syndicate obligations.

The more obstinate the fight on the ship subsidy bill grows, the more plainly does the evil nature of that measure come into evidence. It is unquestionably the boldest and most shameless attempt to rob the people for the further enrichment of a few influential multimillionaires that has ever been made by an American administration, and an American congress.

It typifies to an alarming degree the completeness of the president's surrender to the evil interests represented in American public life by Mark Hanna. It is not strange that a few republican senators find themselves unable to support such a bill. The wonder is, instead, that so many are subservient to administrative influence as to threaten the passage of the measure.

If Mark Hanna and the president succeed in jamming the ship subsidy bill through congress, they have little to fear in the future, in so far as a possible balking of the legislative department of the government is concerned. It will be the American people who have cause to dread the future in such a contingency. The passage of the ship subsidy bill will mean that the people are being betrayed to the syndicates through the president's control of congress. And this is a significance which cannot be regarded by Americans save with the gravest apprehension.—St. Louis Republic.

WILL SAIL ON THURSDAY.

Thirty-Seventh Volunteers Given a Hearty "God Bless You, Comrades," by Gen. MacArthur.

TO SAIL ON THE SHERIDAN THURSDAY.

Gen. MacArthur Orders the Deportation to Guam Island, of a Large Number of Filipino Generals and Agitators—A Novel Experience for the Natives.

Manila, Jan. 8.—Gen. MacArthur, accompanied by his staff, reviewed the Thirty-seventh regiment of volunteer infantry, on the luneta field. All the companies were together almost for the first time since the regiment was organized. After the review the regiment was drawn up in close order and Gen. MacArthur, in a farewell address, congratulated the officers and men on their bravery, discipline and judgment, concluding his remarks with a hearty "God bless you, comrades."

The Thirty-seventh will sail for home on the transport Sheridan, Thursday. More than half the men and many of the officers came from Tennessee.

Ordered Deported to Guam.

Gen. MacArthur has ordered the deportation of Generals Ricarte, Del Pilar, Hizon, Lanera and Santos to the island of Guam. Nine regimental and four subordinate officers, with eight civilians, including Trias, Teeson and Mabini, notorious assistants of the insurrectionists, have also been ordered to be deported. It is Gen. MacArthur's intention to hold most of the active leaders of the rebels, who have been captured, in Guam until the resumption of a condition of peace has been declared.

The first municipal election was held successfully at Baguio, province of Benguet, Saturday. The Igorrotes took part in the election.

A Novel Experience.

The Filipinos in Manila have been enjoying, recently, a novel experience, in the holding of free, open political meetings. Most of the addresses at these meetings were made by former officers of the insurgents, all of whom asserted that the best way of securing personal liberty is to accept the liberties guaranteed by the constitution and government of the United States, which is what American sovereignty stands for. The audiences were greatly interested and many of those attending the meetings signed the federal party declaration.

The construction of a rebel prison at Olongapo, in addition to those at Manila, will be begun shortly.

FOR A TREATY WITH CHINA.

Draft of an Instrument Submitted by Sir Ernest Satow, British Minister.

Shanghai, Jan. 7.—Sir Ernest Satow, British minister to China, has proposed to other foreign envoys the draft of a commercial treaty with China based upon the following conditions:

First—Freedom for all coasting vessels.

Second—Freedom for all vessels on inland waters, especially the Yangtze River.

Third—Permission to import foreign salt.

Fourth—Adoption of regulations encouraging Chinese investments in foreign concerns.

Fifth—Steps extending China's exports and imports.

Sixth—Protection of trademarks.

Seventh—The protection of treaty ports.

The draft has not been accepted by the powers, and discussion regarding it has been postponed.

Bigoted court officials, it is rumored, still raise objections to signing an acceptance of the joint demands.

Instructions Not to Sign.

Peking, Jan. 8.—The report that the Chinese court has instructed the Chinese peace envoys to refuse to sign the joint note of the powers to China is confirmed.

CHINESE FIENDISHNESS.

One Hundred Little Boys Cruelly Murdered at Nan King, Some Being Roasted Alive.

London, Jan. 7.—A sister of charity, writing from the Maison de Jesus Enfant, at Ning Po, November 26, describes the massacre at Nan King of 100 little boys. Some of them, she says, were roasted alive in the church. Others escaped to the orphanage outside the city, but all were killed and the place burned.

Despite threats of torture and the frequency of most painful deaths," the sister declares, "Apostasy was wonderfully rare."

Plea for Clemency for Ferrell.

Columbus, O., Jan. 8.—Formal application for clemency for Rosslyn H. Ferrell, under sentence of electrocution for the murder of Express Messenger Lane last August, was filed, yesterday, with the state board of pardons. The appeal for clemency includes as reasons the youth of the prisoner, his age being 22; his circumstances at the time of the crime, which is held to have unbalanced his mind, and doubt that the jury was free from prejudice. The board of pardons meets in special session Thursday.

Gen. Cavanaugh Dying.

New York, Jan. 8.—Brig-Gen. James Cavanaugh is dying from old age at his home in Brooklyn. He has been ill for several weeks. Extreme uncertainty as to the result of the operation which he underwent to relieve the future in such a contingency. The passage of the ship subsidy bill will mean that the people are being betrayed to the syndicates through the president's control of congress. And this is a significance which cannot be regarded by Americans save with the gravest apprehension.—St. Louis Republic.

MRS. RICHARDSON ACCUSED.

Finding of the Coroner's Jury in the Richardson Murder Case at Savannah, Mo.

Savannah, Mo., Jan. 8.—The coroner's jury investigating the death of Frank Richardson, who was killed in his own house, Christmas eve, heard the testimony of Mrs. Richardson yesterday morning, and subsequently found that "Richardson came to his death by a pistol shot fired by his wife, Addie L. Richardson, or by some one known to the said Addie L. Richardson, but unknown to the jury."

The coroner convened his court and waited for the arrival of the important witness. In a few minutes it was announced to Coroner Berer that Mrs. Richardson was too ill to come to the court house, but that she was anxious to tell all she knew. Her counsel, Attorney A. W. Brewster, of St. Joseph, asked that the coroner and his six jurors proceed to the Richardson home and that there the widow would tell her story.